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SATURDAY: JUNE 16, 1900.

Books About Places.

A Retrospect.

In the ACADEMY of June 10 last year we looked back on the topographical literature of 1898-99. We propose to take a similar retrospect of the books of 1899-1900.

English country life has found many new books and some new writers. Mr. Baring-Gould has written so much, and so well, about English country life that it was with reluctance that we found rather grave fault with his two-volume work, *A Book of the West* (Methuen), published last August. To be sure, Mr. Baring-Gould cut the ground from under his critics' feet by the preface remark: "There are ten thousand omissions . . . the book is not intended to supersede guide-books, but to prepare the mind to use these later with discretion." But less competent pens could do such work, and the title, *A Book of the West*, suggested something more than a budget of anecdotes, quotations, and scraps, without finality and without an index. Still, there is the book, undeniably full of West Country stories and lore. Many of the stories are excellent. Quite recently Mr. Gould has given us a work of less pretension in *A Quiet Village* (Ibsbister)—a record of quaint village "characters" with whom he has made acquaintance. We reviewed this book so recently that there is no need to reaffirm its entertaining qualities. A very similar book, but of a less personal kind, was Mrs. Caroline Geary's *Rural Life* (Long), published last November. The stories it contained were gathered from many sources, and some of them were not new. But others were indigenous to the author's village, twenty miles from London, which has changed so little that an inhabitant remarked of it: "'Tis as 'tis, and it can't be no 'tisserer." A book that was vague as to locality, but delightful for its photographs, was Mr. Clifton Johnson's *Among English Hedgerows* (Macmillan), issued last December. Mr. Johnson is an American, and he pre-supposed in his American readers almost no knowledge at all of English country customs. Hence his book abounds in quaint and rather illuminating observations like this: "The English, when they want to travel on foot anywhere, . . . are apt to go, not by road, but by foot-path." Mr. W. F. Collier's *Country Matters in Short* (Duckworth) showed an English knowledge of England, and gave sound information on "Cub Hunting," "The Tongue of the Hound," &c. In his chapter on "The Chastity of Flowers," Mr. Collier suggested that Shakespeare had a prevision of a scientific truth when he wrote of the flowers "lamenting some enforced chastity"—a view not shared by Mr. Huxley, to whom the author had sent his essay, nor by many correspondents of the ACADEMY who discussed the point. More literary in its style, and more historical in its substance than any of these books, was Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's *By Moor and Fell* (Unwin), published last March. As a novelist Mr. Sutcliffe has made the Yorkshire moors his favourite background; in this book the background is all, and is treated topographically. The book is instinct with the author's love of his subject. Old squirearchical days, old Methodist days, old Brontë days, old ghost stories—Mr. Sutcliffe knows them all; and he knows the bleak moors and lonesome stone villages where their dramas were enacted. It is a pleasure to re-state our high opinion of this book. Mr. H. Thornhill Timmins's *Nooks and Corners of Shropshire* (Stock), noticed by us in the same month, was a gossipy antiquarian journal of walks through Shropshire by an author who was his own artist. In Dr. Mackennal's

Haunts and Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers the Lincolnshire and Cambridge homes of the Fathers were described with spirit. Mr. Norway's *Highways and Byways of Yorkshire* (Macmillan) was written on the plan common to the excellent series to which it belongs, and was illustrated by Mr. Pennell. The contents were, perhaps, too uniformly historical.

Books primarily concerned with natural history, antiquities, history, &c., often contain much interesting topography. Mr. Charles Dixon's *Bird Life in a Southern County* (Walter Scott) and the same author's *Among the Birds of Northern Shires* (Blackie) both fall within our retrospect. Mr. George A. B. Dewar's *Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands* (Dent) and Mr. John Watson's *The English Lake District Fisheries* (Lawrence & Bullen) are natural history books of topographical interest. A new and extremely fine edition of White's *Natural History of Selborne*, edited by the late Mr. Grant Allen, was issued by Mr. John Lane last November. Mr. B. C. A. Windle's *Shakespeare's Country* (Methuen) was a capital little book, with a map of the Shakespeare country pasted on its cover. The *Picturesque History of Yorkshire* (Dent) has made steady progress in monthly parts under its editor, Mr. J. S. Fletcher; it is a museum of local lore and views. The Northumberland County History Committee issued the fifth volume of its great *History of Northumberland* (Reid) early in this year; it dealt with the parishes of Warkworth and Shilbottle. A new edition of Mr. Frederic Harrison's *Annals of an old Manor House: Sutton Place, Guildford*, came to remind us that this is a model book of its kind. Mr. Harrison very properly describes not only the house, but its rich backgrounds of hills and woods and the water-meadows of the Wey.

Books about London have been fairly numerous, though not very striking. Mr. H. Barton Baker's *Stories of the Streets of London* (Chapman & Hall) was an industrious compilation of anecdote, by no means inspired, but by no means dull. Mr. C. W. Heckethorn's *London Souvenirs* (Chatto) was more original, but wanted style, and was somewhat marred to the reader by rash judgments on matters outside the scope of the book, as, for instance, the author's condemnation of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* as "not poetry," and an amazing diatribe against meat in the form of chops and steaks. But, setting aside some obvious faults, the book was full of curious matter. Mr. Edward Callow's *Old London Taverns* (Downey) recalled the "cosy roughness" of eating houses twenty to fifty years ago, the strength of the book being in its personal recollections. The *Hampstead Annual* (S. C. Mayle) duly appeared last January. Among books incidentally touching on London life we must not omit to mention Mr. E. A. Vizetelly's *With Zola in England* (Chatto), which, though primarily concerned with the Dreyfus case, shows how London suburban life struck M. Zola.

Scottish social life and topography is producing an active new literature. Mr. Henry Grey Graham's admirable *Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century* contained a great deal of topographical matter. Mr. Howard Crosby Butler's *Scotland's Ruined Abbeys* (Macmillan) was an American architect's treatment of a subject on which no very handy work existed. Mr. John Geddie's *Romantic Edinburgh* (Sands), recently noticed by us, is a gossipy book, well indexed, but not too well illustrated.

Among guide-books to European towns and countries, Miss Hannah Lynch's *Toledo* (Dent) probably deserves the first place. Its mingling of narrative and impressionism is very effective. Miss Lynch quotes Maurice Barré on Toledo: "It is less a town, a noisy affair yielding to the commodities of life, than a significant spot for the soul . . . an image of exaltation in solitude, a cry in the desert."

Mr. Grant Allen's *The European Tour* (Richards), published last October, was a spirited, almost masterful guide-book for American visitors to Europe. Mr. Allen button-

held his readers and talked to them with rapidity and emphasis. "Don't go first to Rome," was his advice to Americans bound for Italy, and he repeated the advice in capital letters. "To see Venice before you have seen Florence is a serious mistake; to see Rome before you have seen Florence is a fatal blunder."

Mr. Percy Dearmer's *Highways and Byways in Normandy*, illustrated by Mr. Pennell, was reviewed by us only a month ago, under the heading "The Stones of Normandy," Mr. Dearmer's preoccupation being with church architecture and stained glass.

Books on Klondike were frequent when everyone seemed to be going to Klondike. Mr. Robert C. Kirk's *Twelve Months in Klondike* (Heinemann) and Mr. Angelo Heilprin's *Alaska and the Klondike* (Pearson) were, perhaps, the most notable works in this class.

Reviews.

Butterfly Topography.

Travels in England. By Richard Le Gallienne. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE trouble about Mr. Le Gallienne is that he fails to show us, under all his happy fancies and gay casualness, a thread of purpose, a reminiscence of work and experience in the background, which would enable us to enjoy this book as his, and our own, recreation. He dismays the reader by letting it seem that this is his work—this butterfly tricksomeness, this feather-tickling of the face of life, this airy literary mention of its deeper significances. The great essayists have never left this void. Read Hazlitt's essay, "On Going a Journey," and you will find we know not what undercurrent of sterner things—the mid-stream of a man's life, swaying no lilies but running on, on, on, with a certain purpose, or fatality; authorising his riparian play. It is this we miss. Confessedly Mr. Le Gallienne does not propose to be useful or definite. He proposes not so much to travel as to lie in the sun and say things. "Any excuse to be near the warm heart of the mighty Mother: hay-making, playing at soldiers in Woolmer Forest, writing books about nothing—anything at all, anything at all." At first the reader is pleased with the free uncertain prospect. A summer book, a dance of thoughts! . . . But it is odd how the mind begins to demand certainties when it finds that it is to be prettily fooled and flattered through 300 pages. It will not let the smilingest dandy of a writer fill its view for long, unless he convinces it that he is a dandy only for the nonce, or by your leave, or for a mask. Mr. Le Gallienne, we think, fails to give this satisfaction. We are reluctant to say so, because it cannot be proved by extracts. Isolated extracts will always show Mr. Le Gallienne as the possessor of a delightful fancy, or an interesting melancholy. He is infinitely pleasant, wayward, sad, and bookish. But he would have been the same had his tour been totally different, or ten times as long. He would have written thus of Bosnia, or of Billingsgate.

He is too literary. Hazlitt was purely literary, yet there was a difference; his thoughts had a secret connexion and consistency, they hinted of thoughts he kept back, they disclosed a man and then a curtain. Mr. Le Gallienne's comments on life and nature are too prodigal and uncostly. They take you here and they take you there; and, never palling, they pall. Can you not imagine how this fails on the 193rd page, that might have pleased on the 19th:

Pewsy, of course, is a very minor Crewe. Probably no one has ever thought of it before as a form of Clapham Junction. . . . It was to lead me to Avebury in Wilts. That was its one and only significance. Yet, so strange are the vagaries of human destiny that who knows but

some day Pewsy may suddenly become for me the very centre of the universe, the capital of dreams. A face at a window, a voice from heaven, and how differently I had written of Pewsy. Or, some day a letter may come with the Pewsy postmark that shall change the whole course of my life. Who knows!

And can you not divine our reason for laughing aloud, and again aloud, over this passage about a service in Fairford Church:

I listened, too, to a sermon of great antiquarian interest on the text: "They shall come from the East and the West, but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out." The rector warned us against the dangers of several thousand years ago with much eloquence, and, meanwhile, I prayed to the painted windows.

But if these limitations haunt, you are not to suppose that Mr. Le Gallienne is not often satisfying. Sometimes he is so fresh and felicitous that you forget the general in the gay particular. His description of a Shropshire dairy, managed by a wiry farmer's wife and her six daughters—all content with their lot and proud of their work—rings true and simple, though he *must* remark: "There is something to be said for work that compels us to hear the morning stars singing."

As we mounted the stairs to the cheese-room the Squire asked our hostess why she didn't let some of her rooms to summer visitors. She had thought of it, she said, but she feared that her cooking might prove too humble. She was all right on simple dishes, joints and puddings, but, she added, in a phrase which particularly delighted me, "I should be lost on jellies." . . . I suppose she would resent a cheese in marble for her tombstone, with the inscription: "She made a good Cheshire cheese—and six beautiful daughters"; and yet, when you think what would be implied in the inscription, what prouder monument would any of us ask?

Mr. Le Gallienne went to Selborne, Winchester, Stonehenge, Stratford-on-Avon, Lechlade, the Cotswolds, and other places—but his route is no more important than his commentary. They are both wayward and pretty.

Chalk Hills and Shepherds.

Nature in Downland. By W. W. Hudson. (Longmans.)

MR. HUDSON is well known for his pleasant and accurate books on bird life; on the birds of London he is an authority. Here he is not too birdy, but just birdy enough. His field naturalist's journal, kept always and everywhere, had in it many pages about the Downs, but this book is no mere expansion of those notes. It is a book about Down life, human, animal, avine, and floral, distilled in great measure from the author's memory. The Sussex Downs have been waiting for their book. White of Selborne wrote of them with heavy, sincere rapture; and sundry obscure authors like William Hay, Charlotte Smith, and Hurdle, the local poet, have written out their love of these rolling chalk lands. Richard Jefferies did not die in Sussex before he had praised it. But the Downs have not really been put into a book. Mr. Hudson's opportunity, therefore, has been great. We think he has risen to it. Other writers could have been more literary, whimsically digressive, and aptly quotational. But Mr. Hudson comes to us with the smell of the Downs in his clothes, and with a hundred plain things to tell.

No analysis of the pleasure received from this or that type of scenery is likely to be very convincing; for one thing, one doesn't want analysis. Still, Mr. Hudson is probably on the right track when he traces the beauty of the Sussex Downs to their "fungus-like roundness and smoothness." Fungus is not a nice word (Mr. Hudson takes it from Gilbert White), but it suggests the broad,

dreamy curves, the "solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep," which the Downs yield the eye. Furthermore, it is not a Down that is beautiful, but the Downs; not a curve, but many curves. As Mr. Hudson points out, Hogarth's theory of beauty, and Burke's, derive a likeliness from the Downs, where undulations please the eye because they invite the feet. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer is quoted—but enough! We shall give the reader the idea that Mr. Hudson writes bookishly, whereas he writes like this:

One wonders which of the three following common sights of the Sussex Downs carries us further back in time: the cluster of cottages, with church and farm buildings, that form the village nestling in the valley, and, seen from above, appearing as a mere red spot in the prospect; the cloaked shepherd, crook in hand, standing motionless on some vast green slope, his grey, rough-haired sheep-dog resting at his feet; or the team of coal-black, long-horned oxen drawing the plough or carrying the corn.

These are the insignia of the Downs. Mr. Hudson does not forget the surface on which they shine. The turf, fragrant and springy and centuries old, with its peculiar "medicine smell with something subtler added," is the fundamental fact. Once destroyed, as it has been in many places by short-lived attempts in tillage, this proud turf does not return. Flowers come and make marvellous patches, wild gardens, natural carpets flung on the ancient floor. Here viper's bugloss usurps an acre, there white campion queens it over a large parallelogram, or forget-me-not flourishes on a field forgotten. We have delightful glimpses of the animal life of the Downs, which includes foxes, badgers, shrews, moles, stoats, adders, and big snakes. How is it that moles, which are supposed to be always athirst, can flourish on the high dry Downs in summer, where even the shepherds have to fetch their water from sources three or four miles away? That is one of many delightful riddles propounded by Mr. Hudson. In such cases he has always consulted the natives, and has always learned something. Thus with the moles:

Walking on I met an intelligent-looking shepherd, who was, I found, a good observer and something of a naturalist; and to him I put the question that occupied me. He told me that he had been shepherding on these hills over forty years, and the moles had always been there where they had no water to drink. "They must drink or die," said I; "it is down in the books, and therefore it must be true." He shook his head at the books, and replied that the moles came out at night to lick the grass—the dew was enough for them. "If that is so," I said, "then they must die of thirst in seasons when there is no dew." They do die," he answered; "in very dry, windy summers, when there is no dew, you find a good many moles lying about dead on these hills every morning." He added that they did not all die; that a year or so after a time of great mortality they become numerous again.

The shepherds are great men. They neither dream dreams nor see visions, but they know their work, and all that comes near it, and are content. Even the young men are content; and one of them—a tall, handsome fellow of twenty-three—defended his calling and its wages against Mr. Hudson's pretended ridicule with quiet spirit. At last Mr. Hudson said:

How could he marry on twelve and sixpence a week? At that there came a pleasant, far-away look into his eyes; it could be seen that they were turned inward, and were occupied with the image of a particular and incomparable She. He smiled, and appeared to think it was not impossible to marry on twelve and sixpence a week.

Such is the shepherd of the Downs in youth; in age he is not soured. We leave untouched chapters on "Shepherds Wheatears," "Summer Heat," "Swallows and Churches," and "Chichester." Mr. Hudson's book ranks with the late Mr. Gibbs's *A Cotswold Village*; it has the same plainness and intimacy.

Some Atlases.

The Royal Atlas of England and Wales. Edited by J. G. Bartholomew. (Newnes.)

Philip's Handy-Volume Atlas of London. Third Edition. (Philip & Son.)

Cook's Historical and Literary Map of London. (Cook & Son.)

THE folio *Royal Atlas of England and Wales* is noble in its proportions, and greatly to be desired. It is England spread on your desk—political England, ecclesiastical England, populated England, railway England, geological England, orographical England, and—England. In all there are seventy maps and town plans, and what they do not tell about England's surface cannot be much. The maps proper are indexed as "topographical sections," and are named after some fairly central town. Thus Section III. is "Newcastle," and gives us the southern half of Northumberland, the country westward to Hexham, a great part of Durham, and the top of Yorkshire's northeast shoulder, with Whitby for its epaulette. The scale is the noble one of four miles to an inch.

A fascinating section is No. 64, showing the relative population of the districts round London. The density of population is shown by means of nine colours. London and urban districts are marked black. Slate colour indicates districts with a population of over 512 inhabitants to the square mile, purple indicates districts of from 384 to 512 inhabitants to the square mile, and successive colours graduating down to white show the thinning out of the population in all directions. The results are most curious and instructive. South and west of London the slate colour flows out for miles, halting at Croydon and Wallington, extending a finger to Epsom, an arm to Leatherhead, and a writhing leg to Godalming—such extended limbs always following the lines of railway. An unbroken expanse of slate colour (512 to the mile) stretches from Hounslow to Windsor, and thence, to one's surprise, flows on in a narrow stream to Cookham. The invasion of Essex by the London clerk and working man is graphically shown by dun streamers to Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire and to Blake Hall in Essex. But each colour tells its own interesting story, and the local relations of the colours to each other are the most interesting feature of all. A bright yellow arm stretching from Hertfordshire right into London indicates the thinly populated Lea valley and the Hackney marshes. It takes a still fainter tint of yellow to indicate the population of the Plumstead marshes, and the waste lands lying around the lower docks of London. There are curious incongruities. At Chislehurst you are in slate colour (above 512); but only two miles further south, at Orpington, you are in yellow (64 to 128); and west of Orpington for many miles there is a tract of country as far as Guildford which is several degrees less populous than the country north and south of it. As a guide to the choice of a residential district the map is singularly useful. We should add that an exhaustive index completes the Atlas.

Messrs. Philip's *Handy-Volume Atlas* displays London in fifty-five sectional maps bound into a book which can be slipped into the pocket. The arbitrary divisions of London necessitated by a book atlas produces some interesting results. In not a single instance has the bookbinder's sheers cut out an unbroken expanse of streets; but this is all but attained in Plate 17, where the City-road, De Beauvoir-town, and Bethnal-green districts spread their miles of brick, and are relieved by nothing larger or greener than London Fields. Another depressing section, lying south of Bermondsey, is just redeemed by Southwark's small park and some nameless nursery gardens near the Old Kent road. London's many Londons are curiously differentiated in these fifty-five sections. Her dishabille, her ragged edges, her strange contrasts, her

16 June, 1900.

growths and stagnations, are caught "in the act," so to speak, by the accidents of binding. The maps are clear, and in the more open districts they appear to be as complete as could be fairly expected. Unfortunately the scale (three inches to the mile) is not large enough to permit every street to be marked, and this defect becomes a little serious in the case of a very short but well-known street like York-street, Covent-garden, which is here merged in Tavistock-street. Panton-street, Leicester-square, is marked but not named, and, of course, its very short continuation, Spur-street, suffers equally. Being unnamed in the maps, these streets are naturally unnamed in the index. However, a map is an affair of scale, and you cannot have a big scale and a very compact atlas, or a big scale and a very cheap atlas. For its scale this atlas is excellent.

Messrs. Cook's folding map of London is very clear, and includes such distant suburbs as Hampstead and Cricklewood. With the map we have some interesting information, in the form of lists, concerning historical and literary landmarks, places referred to by Dickens, reliques of old London, &c., with references to their places in the map. The list of houses in which great men have lived is particularly interesting, as it enables us to compare their readiness to support the inconveniences of a change of residence. Boswell had eight London addresses in his life, being outdistanced by Dr. Johnson, who had fourteen. Milton lived in twelve different London houses, or twice as many as Shelley. Sydney Smith removed ten times, Swift ten times. Dickens had eleven London addresses to show for Thackeray's six and Bulwer Lytton's seven. Cowper is credited with only his Temple address, but he lived in Ely-place as an apprentice to the law. Ruskin's Denmark-hill home, and Browning's home in South London also escape notice, although the map includes their sites. The general interest of the list is perhaps greater than its detailed accuracy. The derivations of some London street names given in another list are somewhat too courageous. Rotten-row may be a corruption of Route du Roi, but there is no agreement on the point. Nor is the derivation of Gutter-lane, from "Guthrum, an ancient Dane," very satisfying. Notting-hill is doubtless a corruption of Nutting-hill. The obviousness of some origins given, such as Haymarket from a "market of hay or straw," is exqualled by the unexpectedness of "Blind Chapel-court—a corruption of Blanche Appleton-court." A useful and interesting map.

England.

A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part XI. (J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. net.)

Guide to the English Lakes. (Black.)

Guide to the Wye. (Black. 1s.)

Guide to East Kent. (Black. 1s.)

Part XI. of Messrs. Dent's well-known work deals principally with the valley of the Ure, with Ripon, and its cathedral, and Fountains Abbey; while a beginning is made with Wensleydale. Perhaps the greatest attraction of this, as of other parts of the work is its revelation of the charms of little known ancient towns and villages off all beaten tracks. Yorkshire is one of the best of English counties in which to find such places. Masham is one.

Its appearance is quaint, and suggestive of long-dead centuries. It consists, practically, of one great market square, surrounded by old-fashioned houses, with an obelisk or pillar, rising from a base of four steps, in the centre, and at the east end a very fine church, surmounted by a handsome octagonal spire of considerable height. . . . When Leland visited this part of Yorkshire he found Masham pretty much as it shows itself to the traveller of to-day. "Massemham," he remarks, "is a praty quik"—this was a favourite expression of his—"market-town, and a fair Chirch, an a bridge of tymbre. A little bynethe

Massemham on the other side of Yore river lye the Aldbury village. At the end of Massemham townlet, I passed over a fair river called Bourne, it goeth into the Ure thereby a little bynethe the bridge." There were good markets in Leland's time, but these seem to have decayed, though there is still a great annual cattle and sheep fair here, held about the middle of September, whereto as many as forty thousand sheep are usually brought for sale. During this fair open house is kept by every person in the place, and there is a staple dish of roast beef and pickled cabbage to which every comer is made heartily welcome. While the fair lasts Masham is a place of bustle and excitement; when it is over the little town settles down to the quietest and most monotonous of existences, save on market days, when the folk from the dales come in to give it a momentary increase of life.

The illustrations are of somewhat varying styles and excellence, and the reader has usually to choose between a competent prettiness and a less competent matter-of-factness. But there is no doubt that this work will be, when completed, a literary and pictorial record of great interest.

Messrs. Black's *Guide to the English Lakes* has assumed an entirely different aspect in this edition. The arrangement of the book has been altered, and the whole district divided into five sections: the Windermere, the Ullswater, the Central, the Keswick, and the Coast sections. Otherwise the features of the guide are preserved. The maps are excellent and alluring. A more difficult district to compass and compress could hardly present itself to the maker of a guide-book; but the editor appears to have surmounted most obstacles. We might suggest a longer note on Swarthmoor Hall, which is briefly, almost inaccurately, described as "once the residence of George Fox." Quaker visitors to the Lakes—who are many—will probably desire a better account than this of the place they regard as their Mecca.

It was Magee—was it not?—who said to his brother of Hereford: "If you will give me your river, I will give you my See." The offer was inspired by a sight of the lovely banks of the Wye. Black's *Guide to the Wye*, a handy little volume, goes far to explain Magee's enthusiasm. We doubt if the following particulars about the Severn Tunnel are so well known as they are interesting:

Over 3,000 men were employed in this bold enterprise, which was attended with incidents of perilous and, indeed, romantic adventure. After seven years' labour, the works were inundated by the tide, and sixty men had to be rescued by one small boat making repeated trips of a mile underground after being lowered into a shaft. Only one man was drowned, who tried to save himself by swimming; but the brave young engineer, Mr. G. O. Formby, who headed the rescuing party, for hours wet to the skin in the choking darkness, then laid the seeds of an illness from which he died prematurely. The tunnel is now kept dry only by constant pumping. At Sudbrook (South brook), below Portskewett, are the great pumping works, where gigantic pumps discharge daily from twenty to thirty million gallons. The pumping houses have not only to drain the tunnel, but to supply water to several villages whose wells have been sucked dry by these subterranean operations. The works are not open to visitors without special permit.

The guide to *East Kent*, by the same firm, reaches its fourteenth edition this year.

London.

Black's Guide to London and its Environs. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Eleventh Edition. (A. & C. Black. 1s.)

Our Great City; or, London the Heart of the Empire. By H. O. Arnold-Forster. (Cassell.)

Cassell's Guide to London. (Cassell. 6d.)

To look through London guide-books is to wish for a week to fill in the larger gaps in one's knowledge of

London. The present writer has lived in London for fifteen years, has made the study of its streets and life a hobby, has collected prints and books relating to London, and has roamed its miles of suburbs in all directions; yet he has never entered the Tower of London, or seen the effigies of the Crusaders in the Temple Church, or visited the Tate Gallery, or admired (from within) "the most beautiful and most venerable monument of old London"—the Charterhouse. And yet how pleasant it would be to give a week to seeing London in the receptive spirit of the country cousin. "A catalpa tree in the garden is said to have been planted by him, perhaps brought by Raleigh from America." The writer is Mr. Hope Moncrieff, the garden that of Gray's Inn, the planter Lord Bacon. Really, it would be very interesting to look up that catalpa tree with the aid of Black's *Guide*, and, looking at it, to murmur: "Perhaps brought by Raleigh from America." Nay, given time for such reflections, one might find a subtle pleasure in quoting Wordsworth's sonnet, written on Westminster Bridge, in conjunction with the fact that the length of the bridge is 1,160 feet. Then there are descriptions which titillate the mind:

Opposite Kensington, on the other side of the Park, lies Bayswater, not quite such a fashionable quarter, but still highly respectable, and in parts more than respectable.

Surely one might learn a few things in an afternoon devoted to the identification of those parts of Bayswater which are more than respectable. It will be perceived that Black's *Guide to London*, like all the guides ever written, has its unconscious humours as well as its curiosities of information. But its solid merits are indisputable: they include orderly arrangement, an abundance of good maps, and a lively sense of the stranger's needs.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's book is a sign of the times, and our wonder is that it has not arrived sooner. London citizenship will never recover its old vitality until its old connexion with education is revived. Persuaded of this, Mr. Arnold-Forster has compiled a London primer, which he hopes will be used in London schools. After examining the book with care we share that hope. The book is eminently suited for schools, if we except the statement, on page 41, that Edward III. won the battle of Agincourt. Mr. Arnold-Forster has begun at the beginning—that is, with the soil on which London stands. He traces the early history of London, legendary, Roman, Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, and the rest. The survey is lucid and bright throughout, though, with intention, elementary. Chapters XVIII. and XIX., on "Pictures from the Book of the Streets of London," are happily inspired. The young Londoner is bidden to see dimmest antiquity in the name of Ludgate, Saxon saintliness in St. Swithin's-lane, Roman road-making in London Stone; and to recognise the features of an old and rural London in the names of Brook-street, Fleet-street, Holborn, Great Windmill-street, Spitalfields, and Finsbury. The White Friars and the Black Friars and the Knights Templar are traced in surviving names, and the names of kings and queens and battlefields are shown to be daily on the lips of 'bus conductors. Old trades and their localities are recognised under names like Vintry Wharf, Cornhill, Ironmonger-lane, Ave Maria-lane, and Seacoal-lane. Other chapters describe St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the British Museum, the National Gallery, &c. The Thames, with its trade and government, is carefully considered; and the government of London as a whole is explained in terms simple enough to be understood by the little child, and even by the oldest ratepayer. In short, Mr. Arnold-Forster has made excellent use of his space. The very birds of London have a chapter to roost in; and, not content with describing London as it was and is, the author adds a final suggestive chapter on "London as it Might Be."

Cassell's *Guide* is a good sixpenny booklet, with one map and many illustrations. A well-planned round of visits, to occupy a week, is sketched out. The book is full of sound information and suggestions. Fancy going to see the "grounds of the Toxophilite Society, which exists for the promotion of archery."

Paris.

Exhibition Paris. (Heinemann.)

Paris. By Augustus J. C. Hare. 2 vols. Second Edition, revised. (George Allen. 3s. each.)

Guide to Paris. (Black. 1s.)

THE title *Exhibition Paris* is to some extent misleading. *Exhibition Paris* is indeed exhaustively dealt with; but normal Paris prevails, as it should do. We doubt whether any guide to Paris so directly and completely useful as this exists. The information about hotels, &c., is no beggarly array of generalities, but is full, modern, and convincing; and this note, one soon finds, is the note of the book. There are fifteen closely packed, classified columns devoted solely to questions of eating and drinking. There are sections on Tobacco, Cigars, Illness, Chemists, Laundresses, Hairdressers, Lost Property, Telephones, Furniture, &c., &c. The visitor is told what he must do if he is arrested by the police. He is directed to the best shops for curiosities, Dress Materials, Flowers, Fireworks, Boots, Gloves, Jewels, Bronzes, and Books. Plans of the seating accommodation in the principal theatres are given; and the section on "Paris by Night" is a complete guide to amusements. It is only on p. 111 that the sights of Paris, properly speaking, are taken in hand; nearly two hundred pages are devoted to them—pages alive with woodcuts. At page 300 *Exhibition Paris* begins, and continues to page 431, the end. A complexity of usefulness marks every page. We may add, as showing the alertness of the compiler, that a Calendar of Events from May to October is included in the book, so that no English visitor need miss a race meeting or fail to see the fountains play at Versailles, or lose the chance of taking a walk in the Sewers or the Catacombs. *Exhibition Paris* is the guide to Paris for this year. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Hare's guide-books have a distinction of their own. They are not cheap, but good paper and charming woodcuts make them singularly attractive. The black bindings with red lines were an inspiration. "The conscientious hard work of two years" were given, says the author, to this book and *Days Near Paris*, and there is evidence on every page of this book of original study. The references to, and quotations from, French writers are extremely numerous and suggestive. Victor Hugo, Zola, and Taine are frequently drawn upon for picturesque descriptions. This guide-book may be best used as an intellectual companion, and the tourist can seek in other books the "dull-useful information" which Mr. Hare compresses into a few pages.

Black's *Guide to Paris* is modelled on the *Guide to London*, issued by the same firm. The present edition, however, includes about fifty new pages dealing with the Exhibition. The map of the Exhibition is quite admirable. By means of six colours one can immediately distinguish the Exhibition buildings proper, the special foreign pavilions, the exhibits with an extra charge, the restaurants, gardens, walks, &c. After the Exhibition section follows the guide to Paris proper, illustrated with photographs, and followed by the usual sections on Rouen, Le Havre, Calais, &c., with information for cyclists. We can confidently recommend this guide-book to those whose time in Paris is limited.

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The world proving itself capable of so infinite a variety of readings, it is not to be wondered at that certain distillations out of it, embodied in forms of art, should make widely different appeal to different temperaments. The curious intellectual divergencies in book reviewing give the critical journals the vitality of human documents; their very contradictions constituting fleeting glimpses of alien souls. And in novels, the supposed influence of books on fictitious characters is even more widely various. Thus we find some famous classic exhibiting through the mediumship of the novelist directly opposite tendencies. Was not the madness of Don Quixote fed on mediæval romances? Yet in a charming modern novel, *The Choir Invisible*, the mediæval romance of the *Morte d'Arthur* is made the purifying motive of a life. Of all books, however, *The Imitation of Christ* has received in fiction the most strikingly various treatment.

The Imitation of Christ is the fullest statement we have of the doctrine of Renunciation. Now, in the manner of regarding Renunciation is to be found the root-difference between all religions and all philosophies. If the body is equal with the spirit—if the gratification of its impulses, affections, appetites, is necessary to a complete life, then Renunciation for its own sake is an evil: so say the Epicureans, the Elizabethans, Walt Whitman, and many others. But if the spirit as the higher self demands for its perfecting the suppression of the lower self, then Renunciation becomes the noblest of virtues: and we find among the upholders of this view the Stoics, the Buddhists, the Puritans, and Thomas à-Kempis. Thus, on the one hand, the *Imitation* appears as the most elevating of all influences, waking a soul out of dull torpor, uplifting it, and preparing it for a moral triumph unequalled in fiction: and on the other, the same book is represented as a pernicious bane, sapping away strength and vitality of character, and reducing the mind of its unfortunate reader to a weakness bordering upon insanity.

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and with its corners turned down, is to be the almost unfailing source of spiritual strength to her throughout life.

Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything else in the world. . . . If thou seekest this or that, and wouldst be here or there to enjoy thy own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet or free from care: for in everything somewhat will be wanting and in every place there will be some that will cross thee. . . . Blessed are those ears which hearken not unto the voice which soundeth outwardly, but unto the truth which teacheth inwardly.

When Maggie reads this for the first time, a strange thrill of awe passes through her, "as if she had been awakened in the night by a strain of solemn music, telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in stupor. . . ."

Maggie's story is the story of the suppression of a magnificent self, culminating in a sacrifice that may allow question of its wisdom, but none of its sublimity. The state of moral exaltation produced by the old monk's book is almost incomprehensible to a moment inclined to regard the gratification of self with so appreciative an eye. Think of *The Gay Lord Quex*, and then pass to such sentences as the following: "I have often said unto thee, and now again I say the same, Forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace. . . . If thou wert inwardly good and pure, then wouldst thou be able to see and understand all things clearly without impediment. . . ." The contrast has the force of a shock.

George Eliot has given us two direct utterances on *The Imitation of Christ*. The inmost truth of the old monk's outpourings, she tells us, is, "that renunciation remains sorrow, though sorrow borne willingly." And she attributes the power of the book, which "works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness," to the fact that it is the "direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience": "it was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting: it is the chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph."

No such understanding criticism is to be found in *At the Cross Roads*, by Miss Montrésor, in which, somewhat casually, *The Imitation of Christ* appears. It does not, in this novel, prepare the soul for strenuous conflict, but helps, by its presence, to contribute something to an atmosphere already charged with simplicity and restfulness. While Maggie practises asceticism, Lady Jane discards luxury: her rooms are scantily furnished; the walls are distempered blue; "it was a pleasant place, and one that sometimes suggested a reminiscence of some far-away French convent cell." "Your room is like a Quakers' meeting," Gillian says. Lady Jane herself wears black "with white cambric frills in her sleeve and round her throat." She reads the *Imitation* in the Latin edition, "for the stateliness of the old language pleased her." In all this the insistence on externals is very marked. The description is almost entirely confined to material things. The *Imitation* has indeed no definable spiritual influence upon Lady Jane. Her days of effort and struggle are over. Out of the hard, mediæval teaching she extracts only a sentiment of purity and austerity. This is her statement of life: "'The world is sad, I think; but underneath the sadness one finds—God.'"

Lady Jane's room suggests some far-away French convent cell; let us now see how *The Imitation of Christ* is employed in a Jesuit monastery in France. The scene occurs in Eugène Sue's *Wandering Jew*, which combines series upon series of extra-melodramatic situations, never approached by the most daring of Adelphi flights, with chapters that display penetrating observation and wide common-sense. It is hard to reconcile the last tragi-comic scene, where Rodin is confronted with his six victims, ranged upon black biers, dressed in black grave-clothes, and faintly illuminated by the bluish light of a silver lamp, with the admirable description of the Jesuit's tactics in

16 June, 1906.

working on Hardy's sensuous feelings in order to win him to a religious life from its sensuous side. Throughout this novel the Jesuits are painted in the darkest colours. We read of the "profound and diabolical craft of the Reverend Fathers." Their object is to extinguish free will and power of discrimination, so that they may secure large donations for their order. They are represented as having in the *Imitation* one of their most powerful auxiliaries: "In that awful book may be found a thousand terrors to operate on weak minds, a thousand slavish maxims to chain and degrade the pusillanimous soul." Thoughts and reflections from its merciless pages, written in very large characters, were suspended in black frames about the room where the man they desire to influence is confined: "Thou art nothing but dust and ashes, grief and tears are thy portion. Believe not in any son of man. There are no such things as friendship or ties of kindred. All human affections are false . . ." The same book that brought Maggie an infinite hope brought to Hardy inextinguishable despair. What is to some one of the most precious of spiritual possessions is stigmatised by Eugene Sue as impious and Machiavellian. Truly, in Milton's words, the mind is its own place; it can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven; and no book affords such materials for building at once so pure a heaven and so gloomy a hell as *The Imitation of Christ*.

Things Seen.

The Dog.

THE stream of humanity lounged through the Strand. In the broad June sunlight everything was stark and plain, and the utter limp dependence of the little monkey on the retriever's curly back touched me with its gratuitous pathos. The retriever strode through us in the wake of two young men, its masters, willing, seemingly, to cut a caper. And I was angry with those young men, as though they were perpetrators of an impertinence in bringing their fragile toy in the highway of bulging omnibuses and skimming cabs. I was angry because I knew they sought to unloosen in themselves and in me the ancient spring of laughter that gushes forth at sight of the ignorant astonishment, the clinging misery, of a tiny thing. Confronted with nothing less than our whole civilisation, the monkey was afraid even of heaven, and with lowered head sprawled over the retriever as a crab sprawls over a stone.

Presently the procession was obliged to quit the pavement, on account of the ambition of a monster hotel to expand its lungs. And so, while the seasoned human pedestrians monopolised the meagre footway of planks that skirted the hotel, the retriever trotted into the road and mixed himself with the vehicular traffic.

At last there was a slight congestion in the eastward hurrying tide. There were those who paused and those who, remembering the flight of time, thriftily threw back a pitying glance. I heard the noise of a body scraped along the road. I saw a dog's paw quiver painfully in the air, and a hansom cabman gaze down commiseratingly from a godlike height. And just then the Tivoli discharged its smiling throng.

Altruism.

It was in a great railway terminus, in a corner by the chief exit. Two tall wooden pillar boxes stood near each other, dumbly appealing for newspapers for the two great hospitals of the city. On his knees before one of them was a messenger-boy, evidently sent to empty it and bring the contents for distribution in the wards. The busy crowd in the station passed him unheeding as they hurried

to and from their trains. But the little lad was so business-like and so much interested in his work that I, having a moment to spare, spent it in watching him.

The box was emptied: the contents were lying before him; and he gave them a solemn and careful scrutiny while he arranged them into a satisfactory bundle. They were mostly dailies, penny or half-penny; here and there came a little spice, say *Tit-Bits* or *Answers*; once or twice a plum in the shape of a *Punch* or *Graphic*. But suddenly he came upon a new thing—a handful of religious tracts.

For a moment he pondered.

Then a happy inspiration came to him. He rose from his knees and dropped the tracts into the box for the other hospital.

A Famous Experiment.*

THE Brook Farm experiment owed its origin, in the famous 'forties of Boston, U.S.A., to one of those revulsions from the precarious felicity of an artificial system which, in other ages, have manifested themselves by withdrawal to the desert or the convent. The Transcendental Club, out of which the colony came, derived its principles through Edward Everett and George Ticknor and Carlyle in various measures from Fichte and Schelling and Hegel and Schleirmacher, disciples—faithful or dissentient—of Kant. Among its members were Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, the Channings, Nathaniel Hawthorne and the lady who afterwards became his wife—Sophia Peabody, and the Ripleys. It was by George Ripley—afterwards described by Carlyle as "a Socinian minister who left his pulpit in order to reform the world by cultivating onions"—that the Brook Farm Settlement was imagined. Its purpose was "to insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labour . . . to guarantee the highest mental freedom by providing all with labour adapted to their tastes and talents . . . to do away with the necessity of menial services . . . and thus to prepare a society of liberal, intelligent, and cultivated persons, whose relations with each other would permit a more wholesome and simple life than can be led amidst the pressure of competitive institutions."

Brook Farm was purchased in 1841 by Ripley, for the most part with borrowed money, and was afterwards divided into twenty-four parcels, of which Hawthorne, who was one of the original settlers, held two. The labour, both agricultural and mechanical, was entrusted to Groups formed of harmonic numbers—3, 5, 7, or 12; and this is the only note of naked lunacy in the game. Such a delectable way of life, wrote "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ploughman," had never been seen on earth since the days of early Christians.

On April 16 he broke a machine for chopping hay, through very excess of effort, and his remarkable energy then employed itself on a heap of manure. This useful adjunct to the new life he soon began to call his "gold mine." . . . Presently he writes: "I have milked a cow!"

For six months he was ecstatically convinced that toil "defiles the hands indeed, but not the soul." Then came a reaction:

On August 12 he burst forth in a different, but not less rhapsodical, strain: "In a little more than a fortnight I shall be free from my bondage—free to enjoy Nature—free to think and feel. . . . Oh, labour is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so."

But it is in his *Blithedale Romance* that his matured impressions are to be sought.

* *Brook Farm: its Members, Scholars, and Visitors.* By Lindsay Swift. (Macmillan.)

A company which in the main disused tobacco was not likely to be free in its conscience as to the consumption of the dead bodies of animals. The vegetarian "quiddle" was generously represented. Sam Larned went so far as to abstain from milk on the ground that "his relation to the cow did not justify him in drawing on her reserves." On the other hand, Ripley is said to have worn a worried look during the decline of a calf which it had been sought to raise, while setting free its dam from her maternal function, on hay tea.

Outdoor amusements enjoyed a vogue, and there was a good deal of harmless philandering. Emerson (whose every reference to Brook Farm, says Mr. Swift, suggests that someone is laughing behind the shrubbery) gives a general notion that the Farmers' life was one long, guileless picnic. Not even the practice of punning, which seems to have been treated with shameless indulgence, availed to hush the prevalent mirth; nay, the contentious Brownson himself, when he paid the Farmers a visit, was unable to damp down the cheerful buzz, or to cast a doubt upon the enduring humour of the request to cut the pie "from the centre to the periphery." Not that higher matters were ruled out. Miss Ripley declared herself at one time weary of "the extravagant moods of young girls," and "sick of the very word affinity"; and there is an account, by Mrs. Kirby, of a well-sustained argument on the burning question, "Is labour in itself ideal, or do we, in effect, cloth it with the spirit we bring to it?"

Divers of the apostles of the "Newness," after the collapse of the community, won distinction in the world; and some found salvation in the Church of Rome. Of these the most notable were Brownson and Father Hecker, whose name has by differing critics been sealed with the note of "heretic" and that of "saint."

One cannot but regret that an enterprise which, though its financial position was never sound, at one time showed fair promise was, by a series of fatalities, brought to naught.

Correspondence.

Mathilde Blind.

SIR,—I hope someone more capable than I will take up the cudgels for Mathilde Blind, because I feel that my weapons must needs be awkward: that I can resent such criticism as appeared in your last issue only in the blind, helpless fashion of a devotee who sees a blow aimed at one of his idols. Several times lately I have read similar reviews of Miss Blind's poetry, and, curious to state, Shelley seems to have come in for some of the depreciation so liberally bestowed upon her, in more than one instance. His pedestal is too strong to need buttressing, but the woman poet seems to lack a valiant supporter. If, as your reviewer says, she has no "high imagination, emotional power or grace of form," a humble inquirer would like to know why her fame is steadily increasing year by year, and why a writer of such known critical acumen as Dr. Garnett should be found to edit her work?

Can it be that, in spite of her failure to satisfy the poetic analyst of this century end, she possessed some indefinable quality that has stamped her with the hallmark of genius? I do not assert this, being able to speak from the purely amateur point of view only—that of the lover rather than disector; but I do assert that I am not easily moved by poetry, and that Mathilde Blind's poetry has affected me powerfully. I have read her often during the past ten years and never with any waning of appreciation. It seemed to me the quotations given in last week's ACADEMY did not represent her fairly, and I wish I dare trespass on its space to supplement them with some of her more spontaneous and pregnant passages.

We are constantly told that the critical age is never the creative age, but perhaps we are not sufficiently conscious

of the sterilising power of criticism. May it not be possible that the barrenness of our era in great works of art is due, on the one hand, to the niggling, pedantic spirit of our much trusted reviewers; on the other hand, to the over-laudation of mediocrity by scribblers of the rank-and-file? And our fashions are so strange! Recently a great cloud of incense arose before the suddenly-erected altar of a young poet, of whose slender dramatic work one of the herd of fulsome critics wrote: "He has achieved the impossible!" A second Shakespeare could have been welcomed with no more *éclat*. Yet to many outside this fashionable literary circle the comet has appeared a very ordinary rocket! To honour all that betrays promise in the newcomer is well and just; but when his admirers, in proclaiming him a god, would dethrone Shelley and others whom time has hallowed, questions and comparisons are bound to arise. Fortunately, nothing can harm the poet who, "being dead, yet liveth." We only, who are alive and love, can be pierced by the shafts hurled at our idols.—I am, &c.,

M. L. PENDERED.

[Miss Pendered is, of course, very welcome to her opinion. It does not happen to be ours—that is all.]

SIR,—I was much interested in the review of Mathilde Blind's poems published in the ACADEMY of June 2.

Apart from their own intrinsic value, these poems represent an attempt which has not unfrequently been made, to create, as it were, a poetry of science—and more particularly of evolution.

As we recall the various efforts in this direction, the question suggests itself: why has no poet hitherto succeeded in treating the subject in a really satisfactory manner? Why has there been no so-called Apotheosis of Evolution?

It would be difficult to conceive of a more sublime theme, or one offering a wider field to the poetic imagination.

Many writers have contributed to this field of literature, among whom the names of George Eliot, Romanes, and Mr. William Watson come familiarly to the mind.

But their finest passages leave us—to quote your reviewer—untouched and cold; and we are unwittingly reminded of the famous parody:

An ape there was once, in the days that were earlier,
The centuries passed and his hair became curlier,
Some centuries more gave a thumb to his fist,
Then he called himself man—and a Positivist.

One sonnet alone, and that by an almost forgotten writer, seems to rise to the level of true poetry.

It is by Emily Pfeiffer, and bears the hall-mark of original thought and expression in every line, but more especially in the last.

To NATURE.

Dread force, in whom of old we loved to see
A nursing mother, clothing with her life
The seeds of Love divine—with what sore strife!
We hold or yield our thoughts of Love and thee!
Thou art not calm, but restless as the ocean,
Filling with aimless toil the endless years,
Stumbling on thought and throwing off the spheres,
Churning the Universe with mindless motion.
Dull fount of joy, unhallowed source of tears,
Cold motor of our fervid faith and song,
Dead, but engendering life, love, pangs and fears,
Thou crownedst thy wild work with foulest wrong
When first thou lighted on a seeming goal,
And darkly blundered on man's suffering soul.

—I am, &c.,

EVELYN FORSTER.

Novels and Logic.

SIR,—Mr. Lang puts forward a law of logic as a canon of criticism. My paper did not pretend to deal with Mr. Lang's special thesis, but to criticise certain of his statements and his general tone of contempt towards the novel.—I am, &c.,

FRANCES FORBES ROBERTSON.

16 June, 1900.

For Students of Stevenson.

SIR.—A correspondent in British Columbia asks me, in a letter: "Who is the man (in *The Wrecker*) met in San Francisco whose name is 'known to lovers of good English'; 'who tramped and toiled and had such a profit of his life among the Islands'; and from whose house Dodd returned with the first glamour of the Islands over him, bearing *Omoo* under one arm and the man's own book under the other?" Can any of your readers help me to the answer?—I am, &c.,

London: June 4, 1900.

R. M.

George Eliot at Richmond.

SIR.—Those who care for literature and its nobler memories may like to get out of the train at Richmond, Surrey, and ask anyone for No. 8, Parkshot. The house almost touches the station.

Between 1855 and 1859 George Eliot not only made the decision which revealed herself to herself by setting to work on *Amos Barton*, but wrote all the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and practically the whole of *Adam Bede*, in cheap lodgings in this little house.

I should like to set a few who care for literature thinking whether it is not worth while at least to consider, among the right men and women, if it is not wise and practicable to secure the permanent existence of the house (the demolition of which is very imminent), and its use in some way to the benefit of Richmond and of London in definite memory of George Eliot.

There will be difficulties, because the cottage is the centre one of three; and they are clearly marked for demolition, that something solider and more profitable may take their place. I should like to see the centre one actually acquired and preserved and placed under trustees, were it only as a place of deposit for bicycles, though I love them not. And I grudgingly make the suggestion that I may be humble in aim and practical. But let it be plainly and permanently recorded upon the house that in its second floor the *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* were written.—I am, &c., CHARLES SELBY OAKLEY.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall:

June 4, 1900.

Dr. Johnson's Thunder.

SIR.—It is, I suppose, to the credit of us women that we are born hero-worshippers, to the extent even of worshipping the idols of our idols, nay, to worshipping other women. I suppose there are few women who read at all who do not heartily admire the exquisite literary instinct of Mrs. Meynell. But has not Mrs. Meynell's appreciation of Ruskin's merits led her to yield a too ready approval to his judgment of Johnson, a judgment surely which Johnson's own sturdy common sense would not have approved? To say of Johnson's style that "its symmetry is as of thunder answering from two horizons" seems to her to outstep the legitimate limits of even oratorical and hyperbolical prose. The vigour of Dr. Johnson's style was, like Fred Bayham's emotions, "manly, sir, manly," but it contains a very perceptible trace of artifice, and if we must resort to metaphor to describe it, the image of answering salvos of artillery would be more apposite than that of the elementary roarings of nature. And even the devoutest admirer of Johnson must admit that the salvos were often of blank cartridge!—I am, &c., F. L. A.

[Ruskin described the symmetry of Johnson's style, not his style as a whole, by the simile of "thunder answering from two horizons." Surely the sonorousness and balance of Johnson's style—these two qualities—are finely indicated in the phrase to which our correspondent objects. Is not this enough?]

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THOMAS GIRTIN.

BY LAURENCE BINION.

Mr. Binyon, who is known in the literary world by his poetry, is an assistant in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. This splendidly illustrated study of the work of Girtin is largely based on the water-colours in the national collection, but drawings in private collections also are reproduced. Girtin's fame is undoubtedly less than he deserves. Mr. Binyon boldly declares: "When Girtin died he was Turner's rival on more than equal terms." And he continues: "Had Turner died with him, Girtin's name would stand the higher." Mr. Binyon's suggestive essay fills twenty-two pages; the remainder of the volume, a folio, is taken up with photographs of Girtin's water-colours. (Seeley. £2 2s.) PARIS.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

Loving Paris of to-day, Mr. Belloc, whose literary range seems to be quite indefinitely wide, has written this book about Paris of yesterday. He says: "The more vivid be the contemporary effect of a city, the more urgently does the question of its origin and development press upon one. . . . In the effort to satisfy this a man will read this book and that, look up old prints and catch the chance phrases of memoirs; he will, for his own sake, clear out a rough sketch of the whole past of what he loves, and he will end by making a record that is as incomplete and fragmentary, as incongruous a mixture of the general theory of life and of particular trifles, as are the notes and letters we keep to remind us of absent friends. This is the way my book was written." (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

TALKS WITH OLD ENGLISH CRICKETERS.

BY A. W. PULLIN.

"There is no attempt in this volume to give a life-history of the famous cricketers whose portraits adorn its pages. . . . The idea kept in view is to delve deep into the mine of personal reminiscence. . . . The preparation of these talks . . . was originally undertaken on behalf of the *Yorkshire Post*." (Blackwood. 6s.)

IN ADDITION TO THE FOREGOING, WE HAVE RECEIVED:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Bird (Robert), Paul of Tarsus (Nelson)
Nicolli (W. Robertson), The Expositor's Greek Testament. Vol. II. (Hodder & Stoughton) 28/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Shadwell (Bertrand), America, and Other Poems (Donnelly, Chicago)
Clark (John), A History of Epic Poetry (Post-Virgilian) ... (Oliver & Boyd)
F. W. L. B., The Battle of Maldon, and Other Renderings from the Anglo-Saxon (Parker & Co., Oxford) 3/6
Platt (William), A Three-fold Utterance, yet a Single Outcry of a Man's Life-Truth (Published by the Author)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Harrison (Frederic), Byzantine History in the Early Middle Ages: The Bede Lectures (Macmillan) net 2/6
Shand (Alex. Innes), General John Jacob (Seeley) 10/0
Bennett (Ernest N.), With Methuen's Column on an Ambulance Train. (Sonnenchein) 2/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Savory (Isabel), A Sportswoman in India (Hutchinson) 16/0
Wallis (E. J.), Illustrations of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew (Ealingham Wilson) net 2/6
Bradshaw (B.), Bathing Places and Climatic Health Resorts (Kegan Paul) 1
Black's Guide to Belfast and the North of Ireland (Black) 1

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New Penny Magazine (Cassell) 2/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Krause (K. C. F.), The Ideal of Humanity and Universal Federation. (T. & T. Clark) 3/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Mills (T. R.), Lucian: Charon and Timon (Clive) 1/6
Basset (A. B.), An Elementary Treatise on Hydrodynamics and Sound. (Deighton, Bell & Co.) 8/0

Lyster (R. A.), First Stage Hygiene (Clive) 2/0
Smith (D. N.), Macaulay: Life of Johnson (Blackwood)
Lobban (J. H.), Goldsmith: Traveller, &c. (Blackwood)

NEW EDITIONS.

Fielding (Henry), The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling. 2 vols. (Macmillan)

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 38 (New Series).

LAST week we offered, at the suggestion of Dr. Furnivall, a prize of One Guinea for the best reproduction of the lost verses addressed by Dr. Johnson, when he was at Stourbridge school, to Olivia Lloyd, the young Quakeress. We have decided that the prize is due to Mr. F. B. Doveton, Torquay, for the following poem :

Oh deign to listen to my simple lay !
Scorn not my homely measures, maid demure ;
Thy beauty's star illumines my dreary way ;
My heart is sick—thou only hast the cure !
And when thou wanderest by the crystal stream,
Or 'mid the umbrage of green pendent boughs,
Forget not one who cannot cease to dream
Of thee, and at thy shrine perform his vows.
And, though my years be few, yet none the less
For *thee* great deeds and doughty would I dare ;
Brave the recesses of the wilderness,
Or flich his cub from the Siberian bear !
Only some token would I humbly ask
Of thee, Olivia, gentle as the dove ;
Some sign to cheer me in my daily task,
And prove that thou thy worshipper dost love !

Other poems are as follows :

Sweet maid demure, thou charmest of our race,
Venus herself sure lacked thy simple grace,
Nor glanced such love from her rich lustrous eyes,
As shines in thine, where only virtue lies,
Purest of daughters thou of all the earth,
Blest is the spot that's honoured by thy birth ;
Blest more the place where thou shalt live thy days,
Lit by thy light of love's warmth-giving rays.
Teach this poor suppliant how to plead with thee
For favours from the fount of purity ;
Inspire this heart with goodness and with grace,
That I may more deserve to see thy face.
In thy loved presence all base thoughts shall flee,
And heaven itself seems near at sight of *thee* :
God's choicest gifts enshrined in female frame
All seem revealed, Olivia, in thy name !

[H. W. D., London.]

Olivia, since the day I saw that face,
Matchless and perfect in each separate grace,
One only hope my weary heart hath known—
The hope of making thee my very own.
Thy modesty of manner and of dress,
The truth and purity which all may guess,
The beauty of thy form and of thy soul,
Making a very perfect human whole,
All rise before me, making every day
Not worth the numbering, if thou'rt away :
All rise before me, making every night
With endless dreamings of thee sweet and bright.
Olivia, dear Olivia, kind and fair,
Pity and love to thy poor servant spare.

[G. C. P., London.]

Olivia, fair as she whom Avon's bard
Portrayed ; dear object of Orsino's heart,
Can I aspire that Fate may prove less hard
To me ill-favoured ? Nay, Cesario's part
Is not for me whom Nature has denied
Her gifts that fascinate the casual eye.
Ah ! happy he who, welcome at thy side,
Finds thee respondent to his burdened sigh !
Thrice happy he who through this weary while
Of transitory things shall gain thy love ;
Who thro' the impending cloud shall see thy smile
That bids him dwell dejecting care above !
My fair, be thine to rule the nobler sphere ;
'Tis vain that I should yearn to share thy life ;
I, slave of all that most is sad and drear :
Thou, peace's angel in a world of strife.

[L. L., Ramsgate.]

Fair Livy, hear thy Samuel's lay,
Extend one glance benign on him,
Experiencing the live-long day
Dan Cupid's darts in every limb.
His copy-book is scrawled with doves,
And olive-boughs, and nuptial rings ;
His dreams are of Cythera's groves,
Responsive nymphs, and similar things.
Grant me, High Jove, the hour to see
That shall abridge my single life
With this : "I Samuel take thee,
Olivia, to my wedded wife" !

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

Mistress Olivia, with the beaming eye,
Which for its brightness with the stars can vie,
Oh, fairest of the fair, deign but to look
On one who leaves for thee his every book.
Your Samuel Johnson pants with passion's flame :
Ah, cruel fair ! alone thou art to blame.
Possessed of every grace beneath the sun,
Fair Queen of Beauty, leave me not undone.
Pure-souled Olivia, maid devoid of wiles,
Not in thy breast, as in the crocodile's,
Lurk treachery and deceit. It needs but this
To plunge thy lover in the realms of bliss :
That thou wilt listen to his tale of love
As did a mortal to immortal Jove.

[A. W., London.]

Diana chaste were counted all too bold,
And Cynthia unworthy of her name ;
And all fair virgins were as dark to light
Compared with thee, sweet mistress of my flame.
If Philomel would grant me her sweet voice,
I'd pour my passion in a melting lay,
Till zephyr should my love-sick measures waft,
And to my lady's bosom find a way.
A roseate hue the morn has given thy cheek,
And lily white the night has kissed thy heart ;
Thy eyes two stars that rise to higher state,
Thy lips the nectar cup the gods have pressed.

And if too bold, too over bold my plaint,
The gentle lightning of thine eye I'll meet,
Forsaking roses for the branch of peace,
Lay thy own name, Olivia, at thy feet.

[H. E. M., Edinburgh.]

Rejuvenescent Phœbus circumvolves
His terrene nymph : responsive to his art
She warms ; but my unchangeable resolves
Gain not the sister-fort, thy moon-cold heart.

Olivia ! 'Tis a name that Avon's swan
Hath made immortal ; but, were Shakespeare mute,
Thy charms, self justified, would yet live on.
O, live, Olivia, beauty's flower and root !

Thy predecessor by a reigning duke
Was long adored, though every sigh proved vain.
Thou reignest as a queen, and if thy look
Shall rest in kindness on a serving swain,
Nor earth, nor sea, nor sky, nor heaven, nor hell
Shall hold a truer knight than Samuel.

[T. C., Buxted.]

O fairest nymph, thy charms unite
To fill a lover with delight ;
Thy tranquil mind, with mirth imbued,
Leaves far the coquette and the prude.
Olivia, loveliest of thy sex,
May naught thy gentle nature vex !
Thy uttered name doth conjure forth
An image of surpassing worth.
I see a flower of rarest grace,
Oft as I gaze upon thy face.
Ah ! beauteous maid, shall I implore,
Or stay enraptured and adore ?
The love my heart can not restrain
Is mixt of chastened joy and pain ;
If tongue refuse its office meet
I'll lay me at thy virgin feet.

[E. H. H., London.]

Other replies received from : R. H. M., Manchester ; L. F., Manchester ; L. W., Cambridge ; W. A. B. L., Sheffield ; H. F. H., Nottingham ; J. L., Chesterton ; Mrs. von S., London ; K. E. J., Bristol ; R. K. C., Lee ; G. B. F., London ; E. M., London ; M. M. E., London ; Z. McC., Whitby ; G. M. T., Bradford ; F. L. A., London.

Competition No. 39 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best quotation to be inscribed over the door of a London house from which the residents have temporarily fled for a country holiday.

RULES.

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